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CADENUS  
AND  
VANESSA.  
A  
POEM.

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*By Geo: — Marshall de Jora  
Beck.*

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L O N D O N,

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CADENUS

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CADENUS  
AND  
VANESSA.



HE Shepherds and the Nymphs were  
seen

Pleading before the *Cyprian* Queen.

The Council for the Fair began,

Accusing that false Creature, Man.

The Brief with weighty Crimes was  
charg'd,

On which the Pleader much enlarg'd ;  
That *Cupid* now has lost his Art,  
Or blunts the Point of ev'ry Dart ;  
His Altar new no longer smoaks,  
His Mother's Aid no Youth invokes:  
This tempts Free-thinkers to refine,  
And bring in doubt their Pow'r divine.

Now Love is dwindled to Intrigue;  
 And Marriage grown a Money-League.  
 Which Crimes aforeaid (with her Leave)  
 Were (as he humbly did conceive)  
 Against our Sov'reign Lady's Peace;  
 Against the Statutes in that Case;  
 Against her Dignity and Crown:  
 Then pray'd an Answer, and sat down.

THE Nymphs with Scorn beheld their Foes;  
 When the Defendant's Council rose,  
 And, what no Lawyer ever lack'd,  
 With Impudence own'd all the Fact.  
 But, what the gentlest Heart would vex,  
 Laid all the Fault on t'other Sex;  
 That modern Love is no such Thing  
 As what those ancient Poets sing,  
 A Fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,  
 Conceiv'd and kindled in the Mind,  
 Which, having found an equal Flame,  
 Unites, and both become the same;  
 In different Breasts together burn,  
 Together both to Ashes turn.  
 But Women now feel no such Fire,  
 And only know the gross Desire,  
 Their Passions move in lower Spheres;  
 Where-e'er Caprice or Folly steers:  
 A Dog, a Parrot, or an Ape,  
 Or a worse Brute in human Shape,  
 Engross the Fancies of the Fair,  
 The few soft Moments they can spare,

From



From Visits to receive and pay,  
 From Scandal, Politicks and Play,  
 From Fans and Flounces and Brocades,  
 From Equipage and Park-parades,  
 From all the thousand female Toys,  
 From every Trifle that employs  
 The out or inside of their Heads,  
 Between their Toylets and their Beds.

IN a dull Stream, which moving slow,  
 You hardly see the Current flow,  
 If a small Breeze obstructs the Course,  
 It whirls about for want of Force,  
 And in its narrow Circle gathers  
 Nothing but Chaff and Straws and Feathers.  
 The Current of a Female Mind  
 Stops thus, and turns with ev'ry Wind;  
 Thus whirling round, together draws  
 Fools, Fops, and Rakes, for Chaff and Straws.  
 Hence we conclude, no Women's Hearts  
 Are won by Virtue, Wit and Parts:  
 Nor are the Men of Sense to blame,  
 For Breasts incapable of Flame;  
 The Fault must on the Nymphs be plac'd,  
 Grown so corrupted in their Taste.

THE Pleader having spoke his best,  
 Had Witnesses ready to attest,  
 Who fairly could on Oath depose,  
 When Question on the Fact arose,

That

That ev'ry Article was true ;  
 Nor further those Deponents knew ;  
 Therefore he humbly would insist,  
 The Bill might be with Costs dismiss.

THE Cause appear'd of so much Weight,  
 That *Venus*, from the Judgment Seat,  
 Desir'd them not to talk so loud,  
 Else she must interpose a Cloud :  
 For if the heav'nly Folk should know  
 These Pleadings in the Courts below,  
 That Mortals here disdain to love,  
 She ne'er could shew her Face above :  
 For Gods, their Betters, are too wise  
 To value that which Men despise :  
 And then, said she, my Son and I  
 Must strole in Air twixt Earth and Sky ;  
 Or else, shut out from Heaven and Earth,  
 Fly to the Sea, my Place of Birth ;  
 There live with daggl'd *Mermaids* pent,  
 And keep on Fish perpetual *Lent*.

BUT since the Case appear'd so nice,  
 She thought it best to take Advice ;  
 The Muses, by their King's Permission,  
 Tho' Foes to Love, attend their Session,  
 And on the Right Hand took their Places  
 In Order ; on the Left, the Graces :  
 To whom she might her Doubts propose  
 In all Emergencies that rose,

THE

THE Muses oft were seen to frown;  
 The Graces half ashamed look'd down;  
 And 'twas observ'd there were but few  
 Of either Sex, among the Crew,  
 Whom she or her Assessors knew.  
 The Goddess soon began to see  
 Things were not ripe for a Decree;  
 And said she must consult her Books;  
 The *Lovers Fleta's*, *Bractons*, *Cokes*.

FIRST to a dapper Clerk she beckon'd;  
 To turn to *Ovid*, Book the Second;  
 She then referr'd them to a Place  
 In *Virgil* (*vide Dido's Case* :)  
 As for *Tibullus's* Reports,  
 They never pass'd for Law in Courts;  
 For *Cowley's* Briefs, and Pleas of *Waller*,  
 Still their Authority was smaller.

THERE was on both Sides much to say:  
 She'd hear the Cause another Day,  
 And so she did, and then a Third,  
 She heard it—there she kept her Word.  
 But with Rejoinders and Replies,  
 Long Bills, and Answers, stuff'd with Lies,  
 Demurr, Impar lance, and Essoign,  
 The Parties ne'er cou'd Issue join:  
 For Sixteen Years the Cause was spun,  
 And then stood where it first begun.

Now

Now, gentle *Clio*, say, *What Venus* meant by this Delay;  
 The Goddess much perplex'd in Mind,  
 To see her Empire thus declin'd,  
 When first this Grand Debate arose,  
 Above her Wisdom to compose,  
 Conceiv'd a Project in her Head,  
 To work her Ends; which if it sped,  
 Wou'd shew the Merits of the Cause,  
 Far better than consulting Laws.

In a glad Hour *Lacina's Aid*  
 Produc'd on Earth a wond'rous Maid,  
 On whom the Queen of Love was bent  
 To try a new Experiment:  
 She threw her Law-books on the Shelf,  
 And thus debated with herself;  
 Since Men alledge they ne'er can find  
 Those Beauties in a Female Mind,  
 Which raise a Flame that will endure  
 For ever, uncorrupt and pure;  
 If 'tis with Reason they complain,  
 This Infant shall restore my Reign;  
 I'll search where ev'ry Virtue dwells,  
 From Courts inclusive, down to Cells,  
 What Preachers talk, or Sages write,  
 These I will gather and unite,  
 And represent them to Mankind,  
 Collected in that Infant's Mind.

THIS

THIS said, she plucks in Heav'n's high Bow'rs  
 A Sprig of *Amaranthine* Flow'rs,  
 In Nectar thrice infuses Bays,  
 Three times refin'd in *Titan's* Rays :  
 She calls the graces to her Aid,  
 And sprinkles thrice the new-born Maid,  
 From whence the tender Skin assumes  
 A Sweetness above all Perfumes ;  
 From whence a Cleanliness remains,  
 Incapable of outward Stains ;  
 From whence that Decency of Mind,  
 So lovely in the Female Kind,  
 Where not one careless Thought intrudes,  
 Less modest than the Speech of *Druids* ;  
 Where never Blush was call'd for Aid,  
 That spurious Virtue in a Maid ;  
 A Virtue but at second Hand :  
 They blush because they understand.

THE Graces next wou'd act their Part,  
 And shew'd but little of their Art ;  
 Their Work was half already done,  
 The Child with native Beauty shone,  
 The outward Form no Help requir'd :  
 Each breathing on her thrice, inspir'd  
 That gentle, soft engaging Air,  
 Which in old Times adorn'd the Fair ;  
 And said, *Vanessa* by the Name  
 By which thou shalt be known to Fame :

*Vanessa*, by the Gods enroll'd:  
Her Name on Earth—shall not be told.

BUT still the Work was not compleat,  
When *Venus* thought on a Deceit:  
Drawn by her Doves, away she flies,  
And finds out *Pallas* in the Skies.  
Dear *Pallas*, I have been this Morn  
To see a lovely Infant born,  
A Boy in yonder Isle below,  
So like my own, without his Bow,  
By Beauty cou'd your Heart be won,  
You'd swear it is *Apollo's* Son;  
But it shall ne'er be said, a Child  
So hopeful has by me been spoil'd;  
I have enough besides to spare,  
And give him wholly to your Care.  
Wisdom's above suspecting Wiles:  
The Queen of Learning gravely smiles,  
Down from *Olympus* comes with Joy,  
Mistakes *Vanessa* for a Boy,  
Then sows within her tender Mind  
Seeds long unknown to Womankind,  
For manly Bosoms chiefly fit,  
The Seeds of Knowledge, Judgment, Wit;  
Her Soul was suddenly endu'd  
With Justice, Truth and Fortitude;  
With Honour, which no Breath can stain,  
Which Malice must attack in vain.

With



With open Heart and bounteous Hand :  
 But *Pallas* here was at a Stand ;  
 She knew in our degenerate Days  
 Bare Virtue cou'dn't live on Praise,  
 That Meat must be with Money bought ;  
 She therefore, upon second Thought,  
 Infus'd, yet as it were by Stealth,  
 Some small Regard for State and Wealth ;  
 Of which, as she grew up, there stay'd,  
 A Tincture in the prudent Maid :  
 She manag'd her Estate with Care,  
 Yet lock'd three Footmen to her Chair.  
 But lest he shou'd neglect his Studies,  
 Like a young Heir, the thrifty Goddess,  
 For Fear young Master shou'd be spoil'd,  
 Wou'd use him like a younger Child ;  
 And, after long confuting, found  
 'Twou'd come to just five thousand Pound.

THE Queen of Love was pleas'd, and proud,  
 To see *Vanessa* thus endow'd ;  
 She doubted not but such a Dame  
 Thro' ev'ry Breast wou'd dart a Flame,  
 That ev'ry rich and lordly Swain  
 With Pride wou'd drag about her Chain ;  
 What Scholars wou'd forsake their Books  
 To study bright *Vanessa's* Looks :  
 As she advanc'd, that Womankind  
 Wou'd by her Model form their Mind,

And all their Conduct wou'd be try'd  
 By her, as an unerring Guide.  
 Offending Daughters oft wou'd hear  
*Vanessa's* Praise rung in their Ear :  
 Miss *Betty* when she does a Fault,  
 Lets fall her Knife, and spills her Salt,  
 Will thus be by her Mother chid,  
 'Tis what *Vanessa* never did.  
 Thus by the Nymphs and Swains ador'd,  
 My Pow'r shall be again restor'd,  
 And happy Lovers blest my Rèign :  
 So *Venus* hop'd, but hop'd in vain,

For when in Time the Martial Maid  
 Found out the Trick that *Venus* play'd,  
 She shakes her Helm, she knits her Brows,  
 And, fir'd with Indignation, vows,  
 To-morrow, e'er the setting Sun,  
 She'd all undo, that she had done.

But Gods (we are by Poets taught)  
 Must stand to what themselves have wrought ;  
 For in their old Records we find  
 A wholesome Law thrice out of Mind;  
 Confirm'd long since by Fate's Decree,  
 That Gods, of whatsoe'er Degree,  
 Resume not what themselves have giv'n,  
 Or any Brother-God in Heav'n :  
 Which keeps the Peace among the Gods,  
 Else they must always be at odds,

And

And *Pallas*, if she broke the Laws,  
 Must yield her Foe the stronger Cause;  
 A Shame to one so much ador'd  
 For Wisdom, at *Jove's* Council-Board.  
 Besides, she fear'd the Queen of Love  
 Wou'd meet with better Friends above;  
 And tho' she must with Grief reflect,  
 To see a Mortal Virgin deckt  
 With Graces, hitherto unknown  
 To Female Breasts, except her own;  
 Yet she wou'd act as best became  
 A Goddess of unspotted Fame:  
 She knew, by Augury Divine,  
*Venus* wou'd fail in her Design:  
 She study'd well the Point, and found  
 Her Foe's Conclusions were not sound,  
 From Premisses erroneous brought,  
 And therefore the Deduction's nought,  
 And must have contrary Effects  
 To what her treach'rous Foe expects.  
 In proper Season *Pallas* meets  
 The Queen of Love, whom thus she greets,  
 (For Gods, we are by *Homer* told,  
 Can in Celestial Language scold)  
 Perfidious Goddess! but in vain  
 You form'd this Project in your Brain,  
 A Project for thy Talents fit,  
 With much Deceit, and little Wit;  
 Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,  
 Deceiv'd thy self, instead of me;

For

For how can heav'nly Wisdom prove  
 An Instrument to earthly Love?  
 Know'st thou not yet that Men commence  
 Thy Votaries, for want of Sense?  
 Nor shall *Vanessa* be the Theme  
 To Marriage, thy abortive Scheme;  
 She'll prove the greatest of thy Foes:  
 And yet I scorn to interpose,  
 But using neither Skill, nor Force,  
 Leave all things to their Nat'ral Course.

THE Goddess thus pronounc'd her Doom:  
 When, lo! *Vanessa* in her Bloom,  
 Advanc'd like *Atalanta's* Star,  
 But rarely seen, and seen from far;  
 In a new World with Caution stept,  
 Watch'd all the Company she kept,  
 Well knowing from the Books she read  
 What dangerous Paths young Virgins tread;  
 Wou'd seldom at the Park appear,  
 Nor saw the Play-house twice a Year;  
 Yet not incurious, was inclin'd  
 To have the Converse of Mankind:  
 First issu'd from Perfumers Shops  
 A Croud of fashionable Fops;  
 They ask'd her, how she lik'd the Play,  
 Then told the Tattle of the Day,  
 A Duël fought last Night at Two,  
 About a Lady ——— You know who;

Talk'd

Talk'd of a new *Italian*, come  
 Either from *Massey* or *Rome*;  
 Gave Hints of who and who's together;  
 Then fell to talking of the Weather:  
 Last Night was so extremely fine,  
 The Ladies walk'd 'till after Nine.  
 Then in soft Voice and Speech absurd,  
 With Nonsense ev'ry second Word,  
 With Fustian from exploded Plays,  
 To celebrate her Beauty's Praise,  
 Run o'er their Cant of stupid Lies,  
 And tell the Murder of her Eyes.

With silent Scorn *Vanessa* sat,  
 Scarce list'ning to their idle Chat;  
 Further than sometimes by a Frown,  
 When they grew pert, to pull them down.  
 At last she spitefully was bent,  
 To try their Wisdom's full Extent;  
 And said, she valu'd nothing less  
 Than Titles, Figures, Shape and Dress;  
 That Merit should be chiefly plac'd  
 In Judgment, Knowledge, Wit and Taste;  
 And those, she offer'd to dispute,  
 Alone distinguish'd Man from Brute:  
 With her, a wealthy Fool wou'd pass  
 At best but for a golden Ass;  
 That present Times have no Pretence  
 To Virtue, in the Noblest Sense,

By

By *Greeks* and *Romans* understood,  
 To perish for our Country's Good.  
 She scan'd the antient Heroes round,  
 Explain'd for what they were renown'd;  
 Then spoke with Censure or Applause,  
 Of foreign Customs, Rights and Laws;  
 Thro' Nature and thro' Art she rang'd,  
 And gracefully her Subject chang'd:  
 In vain: her Hearers had no Share  
 In all she spoke, except to stare.  
 Their Judgment was upon the whole,  
 —That Lady is the dullest Soul —  
 Then tipt their Forehead in the Jeer,  
 As who should say ——— she wants it here;  
 She may be handsome, young and rich,  
 But none will burn her for a Witch.

A Party next of glitt'ring Dames,  
 From round the Parlours of *St. James*,  
 Came early out of pure Good-will,  
 To see the Girl in *Deshabille*.  
 Their Clamour, 'lighting from their Chairs,  
 Grew lower, all the way up Stairs;  
 At Entrance louder, where they found,  
 The Room with Volumes litter'd round;  
*Vanessa* held *Montaigne*, and read,  
 Whilst Mrs. *Susan* comb'd her Head:  
 They call'd for Tea and Chocolate,  
 And fell into their usual Chat,



Discourfing with important Face,  
 On Ribbons, Fans, and Gloves and Lace;  
 Shew'd Patterns juft from *India* brought,  
 And gravely ask'd her—what ſhe thought,  
 Whether the Red or Green were beſt,  
 And what they coſt: *Vanefſa* gueſt,  
 As came into her Fancy firſt,  
 Nam'd half the Rates, and lik'd the worſt.  
 To Scandal next—What aukward Thing  
 Was that, laſt *Sunday* in the Ring?  
 — I'm ſorry *Mopſa* breaks ſo faſt;  
 I ſaid — her face would never laſt. —  
*Corinna* with that youthful Air,  
 Is thirty, and a Bit to ſpare.  
 Her Fondneſs for a certain Earl  
 Began, when I was but a Girl.  
 — *Phyllis*, who but a Month ago  
 Was marry'd to the *Tunbridge* Beau,  
 I ſaw coquetting t'other Night  
 In publick with that odious Knight.

THEY rally'd next *Vanefſa's* Dreſs;  
 — That Gown was made for old *Queen Beſs*.  
 — Dear Madam — Let me ſet your Head —  
 — Don't you intend to put on Red?  
 A Pettycoat without a Hoop!  
 — Sure you're not aſham'd to ſtoop;  
 With handſome Garters at your Knees,  
 No Matter what a Fellow ſees.

Fill'd with Disdain, with Rage inflam'd,  
 Both of her self and Sex ashamed,  
 The Nymph stood silent out of spight,  
 Nor wou'd vouchsafe to set them right.  
 Away the fair Detractors went,  
 And gave, by turns, their Censures vent.

———She's not so handsome, in my Eyes!

———For Wit—I wonder where it lies.

She's fair and clean, and that's the most,

But why proclaim her for a Toast?

A Baby Face, no Life, no Airs,

But what she learnt at Country Fairs;

Scarce knows what difference is between

Rich *Flanders* Lace, and Colberteen;

I'll undertake my little *Nancy*

In Flounces has a better Fancy;

With all her Wit, I wou'd not ask

Her Judgment, how to buy a Mask.

We beg'd her but to patch her Face,

She never hit one proper Place;

Which every Girl at five Years old

Can do, as soon as she is told.

I own that out-of-fashion Stuff

Becomes the Creature well enough.

The Girl might pass, if we cou'd get her

To know the World a little better.

To know the World! a modern Phrase,

For Visits, Ombre, Balls and Plays.

THUS,

THUS, to the World's perpetual Shame,  
 The Queen of Beauty lost her Aim.  
 Too late with Grief she understood,  
 Pallas had done more Harm than Good;  
 For great Examples are but vain,  
 Where Ignorance begets Disdain.  
 Both Sexes, arm'd with Guilt and Spite,  
 Against *Vanessa's* Power unite;  
 To copy her, few Nymphs aspir'd,  
 Her Virtues fewer Swains admir'd:  
 So Stars beyond a certain height  
 Give Mortals neither Heat nor Light.

YET some of either Sex, endow'd  
 With Gifts superior to the Crowd,  
 With Virtue, Knowledge, Taste and Wit,  
 She condescended to admit:  
 With pleasing Arts she could reduce  
 Men's Talents to their proper Use;  
 And with Address each Genius held  
 To that wherein it most excell'd;  
 Thus making others Wisdom known,  
 Cou'd please them, and improve her own.

A modest Youth said something new,  
 She plac'd it in the strongest View.  
 All humble Worth she strove to raise;  
 Wou'dn't be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise;  
 The Learned met with free Approach,  
 Although they came not in a Coach.

Some Clergy too she wou'd allow,  
 Nor quarrell'd at their aukward Bow;  
 But this was for *Cadenus*' sake.  
 A Gownman of a different Make.  
 Who *Pallas*, once *Vanessa*'s Tutor,  
 Had fix'd on for her Coadjutor.

BUT *Cupid*, full of Mischief, longs  
 To vindicate his Mother's Wrongs.  
 On *Pallas* all Attempts are vain;  
 One way he knows to give her Pain.  
 Vows on *Vanessa*'s Heart to take  
 Due Vengeance, for her Patron's sake.  
 Those early Seeds by *Venus* sown,  
 In spite of *Pallas*, now were grown;  
 And *Cupid* hop'd they wou'd improve  
 By Time, and ripen into Love.  
 The Boy made use of all his Craft,  
 In vain discharging many a Shaft,  
 Pointed at Colonels, Lords and Beaux;  
*Cadenus* warded off the Blows:  
 For placing still some Book betwixt,  
 The Darts were in the Cover fixt,  
 Or often blunted and recoil'd,  
 On *Plutarch*'s Morals struck, were spoil'd.

THE Queen of Wisdom cou'd foresee,  
 But not prevent, the Fates Decree;  
 And human Caution tries in vain  
 To break that Adamantine Chain:

*Vanessa,*

*Vanessa*, tho' by *Pallas* taught,  
By Love invulnerable thought,  
Searching in Books for Wisdom's Aid,  
Was in the very Search betray'd.

CUPID, tho' all his Darts were lost,  
Yet still resolv'd to spare no Cost;  
He cou'dn't answer to his Fame  
The Triumphs of that stubborn Dame,  
A Nymph so hard to be subdu'd,  
Who neither was Coquette nor Prude ;  
I find, says he, she wants a Doctor,  
Both to adore her and instruct her ;  
I'll give her what she most admires,  
Among those venerable Sires ;  
*Cadenus* is a Subject fit,  
Grown old in Politicks and Wit ;  
Caref'd by Ministers of State,  
Of half Mankind the Dread and Hate:  
Whate'er Vexations Love attend,  
She need no Rivals apprehend.  
Her Sex, with universal Voice,  
Must laugh at her capricious Choice.  
*Cadenus* many Things had writ,  
*Vanessa* much esteem'd his Wit,  
And call'd for his Poetick Works ;  
Mean-time the Boy in secret lurks,  
And while the Book was in her Hand,  
The Urchin from his private Stand  
Took Aim, and shot with all his Strength,  
A Dart of such prodigious Length,

It



It pierc'd the feeble Volume thro'  
 And deep transfix'd her bosom too.  
 Some Lines, more moving than the rest,  
 Stuck to the Point that pierc'd her Breast,  
 And born directly to her Heart,  
 With Pains unknown increas'd her Smart.

*Vanessa*, not in Years a Score,  
 Doats on a Gown of forty-four;  
 Imaginary Charms can find,  
 In Eyes with reading almost blind;  
*Cadenus* now no more appears  
 Declin'd in Health, advanc'd in Years,  
 She fancies Musick in his Tongue,  
 Nor further looks, but thinks him young.  
 What Mariner is not afraid,  
 To venture in a Ship decay'd?  
 What Planter will attempt to yoke,  
 A Sapling with a falling Oak?  
 As Years increase she brighter shines,  
*Cadenus* with each Day declines,  
 And he must fall a Prey to Time,  
 While she is blooming in her Prime.

STRANGE that a Nymph by *Pallas* nurs'd,  
 In Love shou'd make Advances first:  
*Cadenus*, common Forms apart,  
 In every Sense had kept his Heart,  
 Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,  
 For Pastime, or to shew his Wit;

But



But Time, and Books, and State Affairs,  
 Had spoil'd his fashionable Airs;  
 He now cou'd praise, esteem, approve,  
 But understood not what was Love;  
 This Condu&t might have made him styl'd  
 A Father, and the Nymph his Child;  
 That innocent Delight he took  
 To see the Virgin mind her Book,  
 Was but the Master's secret Joy,  
 In School to hear the finest Boy.  
 Her Knowledge with her Fancy grew,  
 She hourly press'd for something new:  
 Ideas came into her Mind  
 So fast, his Lessons lagg'd behind.  
 She reason'd without pleading long,  
 Nor ever gave her Judgment wrong;  
 But now a sudden Change was wrought;  
 She minds no longer what he taught.  
 She wish'd her Tutor were her Lover;  
 Resolv'd she wou'd her Flame discover:  
 And when *Cadenus* wou'd expound  
 Some Notion, subtle and profound,  
 The Nymph wou'd gently press his Hand,  
 As if she seem'd to understand,  
 Or dext'rouslly dissembling Chance,  
 Wou'd figh, and steal a secret Glance.

*Cadenus* was amaz'd to find  
 Such Marks of a distracted Mind;

For

For tho' she seem'd to listen more  
 To all he spoke, than e'er before;  
 He found her Thoughts wou'd absent range,  
 Yet guess'd not whence cou'd spring the Change,  
 And first he modestly conjectures  
 His Pupil might be tir'd with Lectures;  
 Which help'd to mortify his Pride,  
 Yet gave him not the Heart to chide;  
 But in a mild dejected Strain,  
 At last he ventur'd to complain:  
 Said she shou'd be no longer teiz'd,  
 Might have her Freedom when she pleas'd;  
 Was now convinc'd he acted wrong,  
 To hide her from the World so long;  
 And in dull Studies to engage  
 One of her tender Sex and Age;  
 That ev'ry Nymph with Envy own'd,  
 How she might shine in the *Grand-monde*,  
 And ev'ry Shepherd was undone  
 To see her cloister'd like a Nun!  
 This was a visionary Scheme,  
 He wak'd and found it but a Dream;  
 A Project far above his Skill,  
 For Nature must be Nature still.  
 If he was bolder than became  
 A Scholar to a Courtly Dame,  
 She might excuse a Man of Letters;  
 Thus Tutors often treat their Betters.  
 And since his Talk offensive grew,  
 He came to take his last Adieu.

*Vanessa*, fill'd with just Disdain,  
 Wou'd still her Dignity maintain,  
 Instructed from her early Years  
 To scorn the Art of female Tears.

HAD he employ'd his Head so long,  
 To teach her what was Right or Wrong,  
 Yet cou'd such Notions entertain,  
 That all his Lectures were in vain?  
 She own'd the Wand'ring of her Thoughts;  
 But he must answer for her Faults;  
 She well remember'd to her Cost,  
 That all his Lessons were not lost.  
 Two Maxims she could still produce,  
 And sad Experience taught their Use:  
 That Virtue, pleas'd by being shewn,  
 Knows nothing which it dare not own:  
 Can make us without Fear disclose  
 Our inmost Secrets to our Foes:  
 That common Forms were not design'd  
 Directors to a noble Mind.  
 Now said the Nymph, to let you see  
 My Actions with your Rules agree,  
 That I can vulgar Forms despise,  
 And have no Secrets to disguise,  
 I'll fully prove your Maxims true,  
 By owning here my Love to you.  
 I knew by what you said and writ,  
 How dang'rous Things were Men of Wit.  
 You caution'd me against their Charms,  
 But never gave me equal Arms:

D

Your

Your Lessons found the weakest Part,  
Aim'd at the Head, but reach'd the Heart.

*Cadenus* felt within him rise

Shame, Disappointment, Guilt, Surprise;

He knew not how to reconcile

Such Language, with her usual Style,

And yet her Words were so exprest,

He cou'd not hope she spoke in Jest.

His Thoughts had wholly been confin'd

To form and cultivate her Mind;

He hardly knew, 'till he was told,

Whether the Nymph were young or old;

Had met her in a publick Place,

Without distinguishing her Face.

Much less shou'd his declining Age,

*Vanessa's* earliest Thoughts engage.

And if her Youth Indifference met,

His Person must Contempt beget :

Or grant her Passion be sincere,

How shall his Innocence be clear ?

Appearances were all so strong,

The World must think him in the Wrong ;

Wou'd say he made a treach'rous Use

Of Wit, to flatter and seduce :

The Town wou'd swear he had betray'd,

By magick Spells, the harmless Maid ;

And ev'ry Beau wou'd have his Joke,

That Scholars were like other Folk ;

That when Platonick Flights were over,

The Tutor turn'd a mortal Lover ;

So tender of the Young and Fair,  
 It shew'd a true paternal Care.  
 Five thousand Guineas in her Purse,  
 The Doctor might have fancy'd worse.

HARDLY at Length he Silence broke,  
 And falter'd ev'ry Word he spoke ;  
 Interpreting her Complaisance  
 Just as a Man *sans Complaisance* :  
 She rally'd well, he always knew,  
 Her Manner now was something new ;  
 And what she spoke was in an Air  
 As serious as a Tragick Player.  
 But those who aim at Ridicule,  
 Shou'd fix upon some certain Rule ;  
 Which fairly hints they are in Jest,  
 Else he must enter his Protest :  
 For let a Man be ne'er so wise,  
 He may be caught with sober Lies ;  
 A Science which he never taught,  
 And, to be free, was dearly bought :  
 For take it in its proper Light,  
 'Tis just what Coxcombs call a Bite.

BUT not to dwell on Things minute,  
*Vanessa* finish'd the Dispute,  
 Brought weighty Arguments to prove  
 That Reason was her Guide in Love.  
 She thought he had himself describ'd,  
 His Doctrines when she first imbib'd,  
 From his, transfus'd into her Breast,  
 With Pleasure not to be express'd.



What he had planted, now was grown,  
 His Virtues she might call her own;  
 As he approves, as he dislikes,  
 Love, or contempt, her Fancy strikes.  
 Self-Love, in Nature rooted fast,  
 Attends us first, and leaves us last.  
 Why she loves him, admire not at her,  
 She loves herself, and that's the Matter.  
 How was her Tutor wont to praise  
 The Genius's of ancient Days!  
 Those Authors he so oft had nam'd  
 For Learning, Wit, and Wisdom, fam'd;  
 Was struck with Love, Esteem, and Awe,  
 For Persons whom he never saw.  
 Suppose *Cadenus* flourish'd then,  
 He must adore such Godlike Men.  
 If one short Volume cou'd comprise  
 All that was witty, learn'd and wise,  
 How wou'd it be esteem'd, and read,  
 Altho' the Writer long were dead?  
 If such an Author were alive,  
 How all wou'd for his Friendship strive;  
 And come in Crowds to see his Face:  
 And this she takes to be her Case.  
*Cadenus* answers ev'ry End,  
 The Book, the Author, and the Friend.  
 The utmost her Desires will reach,  
 Is but to learn what he can teach;  
 This Converse is a System, fit  
 Alone to fill up all her Wit;  
 While ev'ry Passion of her Mind  
 In him is center'd and confin'd.



LOVE can with Speech inspire a Mute,  
 And taught *Vanessa* to dispute;  
 This Topick, never touch'd before,  
 Display'd her Eloquence the more:  
 Her Knowledge; with such Pains acquir'd,  
 By this new Passion grew inspir'd.  
 Thro' Love she made all Objects pass,  
 Which gave a Tincture o'er the Mass.  
 As Rivers, tho' they bend and twine,  
 Still to the Sea their Course incline;  
 Or as Philosophers, who find  
 Some fav'rite System to their Mind,  
 In ev'ry Point to make it fit,  
 Will force all Nature to submit.

*Cadenus*, who cou'd here suspect  
 His Lessons wou'd have such Effect,  
 Or be so artfully apply'd,  
 Insensibly came on her Side;  
 It was an unforeseen Event,  
 Things took a Turn he never meant;  
 Whoe'er excells in what we prize,  
 Appears a Hero to our Eyes;  
 Each Girl when pleas'd with what is taught,  
 Will have the Teacher in her Thought.  
 When Miss delights in her Spinnet,  
 A Fidler may a Fortune get;  
 A Blockhead with melodious Voice  
 In Boarding-Schools can have his Choice;  
 And oft' the Dancing-Master's Art  
 Climbs from the Toe to touch the Heart.

In Learning let a Nymph delight,  
 The Pedant gets a Mistress by't.  
*Cadenus*, to his Grief and Shame,  
 Cou'd scarce oppose *Vanessa's* Flame;  
 But tho' her Arguments were strong,  
 At least, cou'd hardly wish them wrong.  
 Howe'er it came, he cou'dn't tell,  
 But, sure, she never talk'd so well.  
 His Pride began to interpose,  
 Preferr'd before a Crowd of Beaux,  
 So bright a Nymph to come unsought,  
 Such Wonder by his Merit wrought;  
 'Tis Merit must with her prevail,  
 He never knew her Judgment fail.  
 She noted all she ever read,  
 And had a most discerning Head.

'Tis an old Maxim in the Schools,  
 That Vanity's the Food of Fools;  
 Yet now and then your Men of Wit  
 Will condescend to take a Bit.

So when *Cadenus* cou'd not hide,  
 He chose to justify his Pride;  
 Constring the Passion she had shown,  
 Much to her Praise, more to his Own.  
 Nature in him had Merit plac'd,  
 In her a most judicious Taste.  
 Love, hitherto a transient Guest,  
 Ne'er held Possession of his Breast;  
 So long attending at the Gate,  
 Disdain'd to enter in so late.

Love,

Love, why do we one Passion call?  
 When 'tis a Compound of them all;  
 Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,  
 In all their Equipages meet;  
 Where Pleasures mixt with Pains appear,  
 Sorrow with Joy, and Hope with Fear:  
 Wherein his Dignity and Age  
 Forbid *Cadenus* to engage.  
 But Friendship in its greatest Height,  
 A constant, rational Delight,  
 On Virtue's Basis fix'd to last,  
 When Love's Alurements long are past;  
 Which gently warms, but cannot burn,  
 He gladly offers in return:  
 His want of Passion will redeem,  
 With Gratitude, Respect, Esteem:  
 With that Devotion we bestow,  
 When Goddeses appear below.

WHILE thus *Cadenus* entertains  
*Vanessa* in exalted Strains,  
 The Nymph in sober Words intreats  
 A Truce with all sublime Conceits.  
 For why such Raptures, Flights and Fancies,  
 To her, who durst not read Romances;  
 In lofty Style to make Replies,  
 Which he had taught her to despise.  
 But when her Tutor will affect  
 Devotion, Duty and Respect,  
 He fairly abdicates his Throne,  
 The Government is now her own:

He has a Forfeiture incurr'd,  
 She vows to take him at his Word,  
 And hopes he will not think it strange,  
 If both shou'd now their Stations change.  
 The Nymph will have her turn, to be  
 The Tutor; and the Pupil, he:  
 Tho' she already can discern,  
 Her Scholar is not apt to learn;  
 Or wants Capacity to reach,  
 The Science she designs to teach:  
 Wherein his Genius was below  
 The Skill of ev'ry common Beau;  
 Who, tho' he cannot spell, is wise  
 Enough to read a Lady's Eyes;  
 And will each accidental Glance  
 Interpret for a kind Advance.  
 But what Success *Vanessa* met,  
 Is to the World a Secret yet:  
 Whether the Nymph, to please her Swain,  
 Talks in a high Romantick Strain;  
 Or whether he at last descends  
 To love with less Seraphick Ends;  
 Or, to compound the Business, whether  
 They temper Love and Books together;  
 Must never to Mankind be told,  
 Nor dare the conscious Muse unfold.

MEAN-TIME the mournful Queen of Love  
 Led but a weary Life above.  
 She ventures now to leave the Skies,  
 Grown by *Vanessa's* Conduct wise;

For tho' by one perverse Event  
*Pallas* had cross'd her first Intent;  
 Tho' her Design was not obtain'd,  
 Yet had she much Experience gain'd;  
 And, by the Project vainly try'd,  
 Cou'd better now the Cause decide:  
 She gave due Notice that both Parties,  
*Coram Regina prox' die Martis*,  
 Should at their Peril without fail  
 Come and appear, to save their Bail:  
 All met, and Silence thrice proclaim'd,  
 One Lawyer to each Side was nam'd.  
 The Judge discover'd in her Face  
 Resentments for her late Disgrace;  
 And full of Anger, Shame and Grief,  
 Directed them to mind their Brief;  
 Nor spend their Time to shew their Breeding,  
 She'd have a summary Proceeding.  
 She gather'd under ev'ry Head  
 The Sum of what each Lawyer said,  
 Gave her own Reasons last, and then  
 Decreed the Cause against the Men.

BUT in a weighty Cause like this,  
 To shew she did not judge amiss,  
 Which evil Tongues might else report,  
 She made a Speech in open Court;  
 Wherein she grievously complains,  
 How she was cheated by the Swains:  
 On whose Petition, humbly shewing  
 That Women were not worth the wooing,

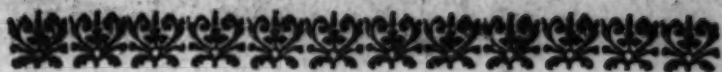
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And



And that unless the Sex would mend,  
 The Race of Lovers soon must end ;  
 She was at Lord knows what Expence,  
 To form a Nymph of Wit and Sense ;  
 A Model for her Sex design'd,  
 Who never cou'd one Lover find.  
 She saw her Favour was misplac'd,  
 The Fellows had a wretched Taste ;  
 She needs must tell them to their Face,  
 They are a senseless stupid Race :  
 And were she to begin again,  
 She'd study to reform the Men ;  
 Or add some Grains of Folly more  
 To Women, than they had before,  
 To put them on an equal Foot ;  
 And this, or nothing else, wou'd do't.  
 This might their mutual Fancy strike,  
 Since every Being loves its Like.  
 But now repenting what was done,  
 She left all Business to her Son,  
 She puts the World in his Possession,  
 And let him use it at Discretion.  
 The Cryer was order'd to dismiss  
 The Court, with his last *O yes !*  
 The Goddess wou'd no longer wait ;  
 But rising from her Chair of State,  
 Left all below at six and seven,  
 Harness'd her Doves, and flew to Heav'n.





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